

# THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE

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DECEMBER 19, 1914

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By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW

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An Open Letter to

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

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## Notes of the Week

## The War on Land

THE news from the front is all good. General Joffre is nibbling more vigorously, Serbia has dramatically turned the tables on Austria and recaptured Belgrade, and Russia is apparently wholly unconscious of the reverses she has suffered and the grave risks she is running, according to German information, in Galicia and Poland. France has pushed the enemy back at various points in Alsace and along the whole line to the North, and in the neighbourhood of Ypres the Allies have assumed the offensive with excellent results. The front from Belfort to Nieuport is gradually being straightened out, and every move towards that end not merely drives the enemy back some distance, but strengthens the hold of the Allies. Germany's activities seem to have been mainly devoted to exacting war contributions from Belgium and French towns still in her possession. She is piling up the reckoning week by week in proportion as her chances of keeping what she has taken grow smaller. Austria is talking of a big diversion from the northern side of the Carpathians, but Russia will certainly not have overlooked this possibility; the Austrians are more likely to throw up the sponge than to deliver an effective counter-stroke.

## The Exploits of the Navy

When Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee was removed from the Admiralty Staff a few days after news of Admiral Cradock's defeat off the Chilian coast, it was little dreamed that he had been entrusted with the mission of hunting out and crushing the victorious Admiral Graf von Spee. The Admiralty laconically announced that steps had been taken to deal with the situation created by the reverse. What those steps were no one knew except the Government and Admiral Sturdee. All we know now is that a squadron was sent from England, that the German squadron was located with almost uncanny promptitude in the South Atlantic, and that of the half-dozen ships under Admiral von Spee five were sent to the bottom after an engagement in which we had seven men killed and four wounded. Retribution has been swift and sure.

One ship, the *Dresden*, a sister of the *Emden*, escaped, and she is probably being well looked after. The British Navy is justifying itself everywhere. It has done good work in the Persian Gulf, and in the Dardanelles the British submarine B11 has performed the extraordinary exploit of diving beneath a mine field and torpedoing a Turkish battleship.

## The East Coast Raid

Germany possibly regards an attack on the coast towns of England as a reply to Admiral Sturdee's achievement off the Falkland Islands. The shelling of Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby on Wednesday was a surprise visit. Some mischief was done, and several people unfortunately were killed by this wholly futile bombardment. The event is of no more importance as affecting the war than was the attack on Yarmouth. It was, however, decidedly interesting. How did these enemy cruisers ever get to Scarborough, and how could they hope to get back to their hiding-place in the mouth of the Elbe or the Kiel Canal? The difficulties of patrolling the North Sea are no doubt very great, but our watch-dogs there are sufficiently numerous and sufficiently vigilant to make any raid peculiarly hazardous. The incident would seem to show that a section of the German navy is anxious to dispute any claim on behalf of the British Navy to a monopoly of daring.

## Khedive and Khalif

The Khedive has followed the example of Turkey and committed political suicide. He has not even attempted to disguise his sympathy with the Germans, and, whatever else happens, one thing is sure. Abbas Hilmy will not return to Cairo—at least, as Khedive. Egypt, moreover, as Lord Cromer points out, must, as the result of the war, "be wholly and irrevocably relieved of the pernicious mortmain of Turkish sovereignty." Khalif and Khedive have elected to fight the "infidels," though, as Lord Cromer suggests, infidel is an adaptable term. How the faithful distinguish between Germany and Great Britain or Austria and France is a question of political expediency. Some of the faithful who have had experience of Germany in Africa, Lord Cromer shows, are not desirous of lending her aid. Prussian military methods are not successful with native peoples. The way to treat subject races is one of the things Germany has never learned.

## Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law

"It almost looked as if the war of 1870 and the unexampled outburst of prosperity which succeeded it had turned the heads of a great nation and polluted the consciences of a mighty people." Thus neatly Mr. Balfour at Bristol diagnosed the case of Germany. The super-man, if he ever materialises, may be dealt with by the police, said Mr. Balfour; it is the idea of the super-State with world dominion that has brought the greatest of tragedies upon mankind. How keenly the peril from Germany's megalomania was realised is proved by the glimpse into party history which Mr. Bonar Law permitted at a meeting of Unionist agents

on Monday. Two days before war was declared, he wrote to Mr. Asquith, in his own and Lord Lansdowne's name, to assure him that the Government would have the unhesitating support of the Opposition in any measures deemed necessary to help France and Russia. In this crisis the Government have been untrammelled by party—a circumstance unique in our Parliamentary history.

#### In Defence of Lord Haldane

"I am a little amused and wholly unrepentant," writes "Carneades, Junior," "when I read in the dignified and wholly authoritative pages of the *United Service Gazette* that my Letter to Lord Haldane in THE ACADEMY of November 28 is 'a scurrilous attack,' that I am animated by 'political spleen,' and have no sense apparently either of fair play or of patriotism. The *United Service Gazette* is very angry, which it is never wise to be if an argument is to carry any weight. The *Gazette's* idea of good taste happily is as far removed from mine as is its idea of the great achievements of Lord Haldane at the War Office. Because the Territorials who have been in action have done magnificently, the sapient defender of Lord Haldane's transmogrification of our voluntary system is quite satisfied with his success. Really, for a Service journal, this is a bit too precious! Where have the eyes of the editor of (or contributor to) the *United Service Gazette* been this last year or two? Either I have been very unfortunate in my sources of information, and statistics lie, or the Territorial strength on the outbreak of the war was sadly, even disquietingly, deficient. The Territorials have done no better in the field than they would have done if they had been still called Volunteers. Some day I may be shown to be wrong: if so, I will apologise handsomely. The new *Quarterly Review* has some facts which certainly do not suggest that the time for apology to Lord Haldane is near. The *United Service Gazette* has proved nothing beyond the fact that it has corns specially allocated to Lord Haldane, and to have them trodden on is peculiarly annoying."

#### Japan and the War

Count Okuma, the Premier of Japan, has a noteworthy pronouncement on the European Armageddon in the November issue of the *Japan Magazine*. He shows why his country was drawn into the struggle, and is clearly proud of the opportunity afforded for proving Japan's loyalty to her treaty engagements. And he concludes on a fine note: "It will be our one ambition at this time to show the West what it is slow to believe, that we can work harmoniously with Great Occidental Powers to support and protect the highest ideals of civilisation, even to the extent of dying for them." Japan, he says, is ready to lay down her life as is Great Britain in defence of "the principles that the foremost nations will die for." She has not missed her chance of ranging herself with the Great Powers of the world. Her co-operation in the Far East has been of invaluable service to Great Britain and her Allies in the West, as Mr. Churchill recognises.

#### The Hand of Germany?

Count Okuma's article is the more important because of certain statements published in the Far East as to the conduct of the Japanese in Shantung. It was reported by the *China Times* that the whole village of Hsiakechwang had been burnt owing to the failure of the inhabitants to supply the Japanese troops with what they wanted. We do not believe it. There was nothing in her conduct in either the Chinese or the Russian war to suggest that she adopts the methods of the barbarian. Witnesses to her humanity are many. Germany, from the moment she realised that Japan intended to cut in in order to avenge grievances of long standing, made her the object of atrocious libels. Is the hand of Germany to be detected here, as it may easily be detected in the attacks on England in the Chinese Press? Even assuming, as we refuse to assume, that Japan could be guilty of this atrocity, we have to remember that she was co-operating with a British force. That in itself would surely have been a sufficient restraint. General Bernardiston would hardly have found his welcome in Tokio so pleasing if there were one element of truth in the charge made against Japan.

### Martial Paradoxes

#### *The Shirker.*

Entrenched and grimy, firing here and there,  
Blood on their hands, the soldiers spent the day;  
Entrenched from draughts within his easy-chair  
He said: "I see we've held the brutes at bay."

#### *Poverty and Wealth.*

"No motor-car for us this year; you ought  
My dear," he said, "to do with fewer frocks."  
The soldier laughed—the transport-wagon brought  
Some cigarettes—a pipe—a pair of socks.

#### *On a Lover whose Lady sent him to the War.*

"Come back," she said, "and tell your visions bright  
When you have heard the bullets shriek above."  
He fell a-musing. "Others love to fight,"  
Thought he; "I fight to love."

#### *On a Poet, gone to the Front.*

He who fired lines at Editors, and played  
Lyric, heroic, epic, fast and fine,  
Now takes his place of honour, undismayed,  
Heroic still—within the Firing-Line.

#### *On the "Jack Johnsons."*

Strange, say you, that so black a thing as this  
Can come from those who would of "Culture" tell?  
Ponder, I pray you, but a moment—'tis  
Of Culture but the shell!

#### *Youth and Age.*

"O, why am I too young to fight?—I could,"  
Cried the eager boy of ten, with eyes a-shine;  
"O, why are we too old to fight?—we would,"  
Said the men of thirty-nine!

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

## In The Trenches

BY ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW

Dunkirk, December 12.

DURING our stay at the front we have had the further opportunity of witnessing with our own eyes the splendid work that is being carried on in the trenches by the tireless, courageous members of Dr. Hector Munro's Ambulance Corps, not only in the removal of the wounded to the Belgian Field Hospital at Furnes—often snatched away under heavy shell fire—but in distributing the gifts and comforts from home of which the soldiers stand in such pressing need.

It's a long, long road that leads to the trenches—a weary road, a piercingly cold road. The fields that stretch to the trenches are equally cold and grey—pock-marked by shells. The snow and a bitter wind add to the general misery; in the advance line the men are up to their knees in half-frozen water; the stench is simply appalling when the wind blows in a certain direction, but the men hardly ever grumble—their endurance is wonderful; they have their job to do, and they do it. What a job! They have checked the terrific German advance on Calais, they have beaten back forces considerably superior in numbers to their own, they have fought with dogged determination, invincible courage, and now winter has come upon them suddenly.

The sky was leaden overhead when we motored into Furnes yesterday, the cold biting. We shivered under our fur rugs. Furnes looked grey in the dim light—wonderful old Furnes, with its beautiful buildings and the college that the Belgian Field Hospital have converted into a temporary hospital. From afar in the distance could be heard the heavy booming of guns, and we knew that Ypres was being bombarded again—Ypres with its famous Market Hall, its fine Cathedral, its museum of antiquities, its carillon of bells—the historic bells of Ypres; we wondered how much longer Furnes would be spared the same cruel fate. We wandered into the hospital; this one is always full of patients, and, being so close to the trenches, the worst cases are sent here. Twenty amputations have taken place in one night, but the soldiers—mostly French—are extraordinarily cheerful. One poor fellow badly wounded in the mouth insisted on having a cigarette thrust into one of his nostrils, and he lay on his back puffing away contentedly. The doctor smiled at him; they are marvellously human, these doctors, brave as

lions under fire, tender as women in the wards—quick to act. We talked to some of the soldiers. They were very proud of their wounds, but anxious above everything to get to the front again.

"I intend to fight the Germans till I have no more blood left in my body," one big black-bearded man said slowly—his poor body was red and raw with wounds as it was.

A soldier lay dying in a far corner of the ward; a priest knelt by him, a lean old priest with a pale, wonderfully fine face. It was a quiet passing; the priest held up his silver cross in front of the soldier's fading eyes, and we heard a little golden-haired English nurse murmur low, half under her breath, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Nuns were very busy in the kitchen—such gentle sweet-faced nuns; they had come from their convent, which practically adjoins the college, to do what they could for the wounded. Some were slicing vegetables—others were washing up dishes; a big cook—a chef who hailed from a large restaurant in Brussels—smiled to us genially and asked if we would like to try his soup, the good strong broth he was making for the poor wounded! "I cannot fight—they won't have me for a soldier," he explained. "But I can cook—yes, I can do something for our brave fellows; not much—but something." He stood up, a big portly figure in his chef's white apron and cap. He had a huge ladle in his right hand; behind him the kitchen fire glowed and roared, and saucepans made a cheerful bubbling; he was only a fat chef, but he was doing what he could—offering his one talent to his country.

It was freezing when we left the hospital. The cold seemed to be more intense than ever; the snow blew down thickly upon the trenches. Oh, those trenches! Do the people at home realise—can they realise—what a thirty-mile battle front means? The smell of death is in the air—the guns are never silent day or night; the wonder is that the men are so cheerful—that they can still joke with each other and exchange cheery witticisms when "Coalbox" and "Jack Johnson" are at their deadly work.

They suffer fearfully from sciatica, rheumatism, and neuralgia; they have often to remain in a trench for seventy-two hours without a break, and to add to all the other miseries the odours in the trenches are appalling—especially those that are in the advance line and have no communication trench; but the soldiers manage in some marvellous manner to keep their spirits. They are certainly endowed with extraordinary courage.

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They are having a terrible time—they are living in a very inferno; but, as one man bluntly put it to us, they know it's up to them to save England. "We ain't out for no blooming picnic," the soldier remarked. "We're fighting blokes who've been preparing for this shindy for years—fighting 'em pretty often ten to one; it takes a bit of doing." He blew on his cold, half-frozen hands. "Wish more of our chaps could hurry up a bit an' come out. We want 'em! These bally Germans ain't going to be allowed to get to Calais. We've got to hold the line for the sake of the folks at home—but it's been a tough job an' we're not through yet."

Tommy Atkins spoke the truth; his job is by no means over yet, and our men need all the comforts we at home can give them; theirs is a vital need. These rain-soaked, frost-bitten heroes do not complain, but it is common knowledge to the members of Dr. Munro's Ambulance Corps that thousands of the soldiers are tramping about in wet socks—even sleeping in them—socks that have been unchanged for many days and which have become a mere mass of holes. Men often discard their worn-out, torn socks and thrust their bare feet into boots. Ten thousand pairs of socks could be distributed amongst the soldiers by the Ambulance Corps at the present moment if Dr. Munro had them at his base at Furnes, and then another 10,000 pairs; thick woollen socks are particularly required, fitting numbers 8 and 9 boots, and woollen goods of every sort are needed, woollen waistcoats and underwear, and, above all things, Christmas hampers. Alexander McConnell, 61 and 62, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., is the treasurer of Dr. Hector Munro's Ambulance Corps; gifts either in kind or money would be gratefully acknowledged by him if sent to Chancery Lane, and forwarded immediately to Furnes.

We in England hardly understand what war means; but when you cross the Channel, when you stand on Belgian soil, when you face war—red, naked war—ah, then you realise what the troops have to suffer, and the knowledge comes home that we can never, never do enough for them. We have seen soldiers marching to the front—marching to the red vintage—quiet, silent bodies of men, nerving themselves for the supreme endeavour; but the men who have held the line are gayer—their courage, their endurance, has been tested; they are sure of themselves and of their comrades; they know that only death has the power to bid them cease fighting—every imaginable horror they have faced undauntedly till they have lost the human fear of fear.

Gifts sent out from England will in many cases prove the last link between the Motherland and her sons. Let the soldier have a token from you—a warm woolly, a packet of chocolate, or the ever-welcome "fag"; for the men do love a gift from England, the men who are keeping the line. They smile as children smile when the gifts arrive from home—they laugh as children laugh when gathering round a Christmas tree; and for God's sake send out Christmas hampers—as many hampers as possible.

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary!" They hum the soldiers' song, do the soldiers, as they receive their gifts. Yes, it's a long, long way from the trenches to home; but Christmas is at hand, and Christmas is the time when friends send tokens to each other; so do not forget the heroes in the trenches, for they are obeying the supreme test of friendship—they are giving their lives for their friends, their unknown friends!

[*Mr. and Mrs. Askew's first article, giving their personal experiences at the Front, under the title of "The Red Cruelty of War," appeared in last week's issue of THE ACADEMY.*]

## Races and Nations

THE present European war has led to much dubious discussion about racial differences and so-called racial antagonisms. It is erroneously supposed that the principle of race dominates the building up of a nation, and stands for the whole spirit that makes a people and that has contributed to the evolution of its patriotism. In short, the race is confounded with the nation.

Even the greatest nations are derived from intermingled blood and race. The study of race and the study of the political division of nations are widely divergent inquiries, even though they may overlap at certain points. For example, the type of mankind denoted by the term Englishman is quite distinctive in the world. Yet it has often been pointed out that to speak of the Englishman as belonging exclusively to the Anglo-Saxon race is simply a misnomer. To describe the Italian as a Latin race may be classical, but it merely evades the difficulty. The same holds good of France, which is Latin in language only. The people are Iberian and Celtic, with a mixture of Teutonic and Scandinavian. And what prehistoric race preceded the Basques? When the Romans invaded Spain, the ethnic basis was Celtic-Iberian. But colonies from Greece and Carthage, invasions of the Teutons, and the long dominion of the Moors, all contributed to the building up of the Spanish nation. The same is true of Germany, which is far from being purely Teutonic. The whole of the south was once Gaulish. The whole of the east beyond the Elbe was Slavonic. The prominence of the Slav element may be gathered from the fact that in the provinces of Silesia and Posen alone there are some three million Slavs. Austria-Hungary has been called a "political tower of Babel," made up of many races—Slavs, Magyars, Teutons, and others. The Russian people, the Slavonic branch of the so-called Caucasian type, are the most homogeneous of nations, and yet politically they are compelled to fight Austria-Hungary with its larger proportion of Slavs.

It remains, then, that the division of Europe into nations is not racial—certainly not in the physiological sense understood by anthropologists, much less in any philological sense. The nations have not been built up on any sole racial basis. What, then, constitutes a

nation? The best answer has been given by Renan, when he says: "A nation is a living soul, a spiritual principle," the result of the will of peoples united by a common consent in the interests of the community. A further definition is remarkable in the light of national events in Europe to-day: "A nation is a great solidarity, constituted by the sentiment of the sacrifices that its citizens have made, and of those that they feel prepared to make once more." Does not this definition exactly crystallise the sentiment of England and France at this very hour? Or what more remarkable example of the will to be one nation can be found than Switzerland, composed as it is of four distinct peoples, speaking different languages?

The fixed idea of Germany is to ignore and crush out small nations and to conquer great ones by sheer might, by numbers, and by violence. But Germany left out of the reckoning the power of the human will, the greatest factor in the building up and conservation of a nation. Not the dominant will of an arrogant military section, as in her own case, but the consolidated will, the unanimous sentiment of the people. The union of the German Empire is mainly artificial. It has been maintained for only fifty years by a despotic military aristocracy. The national union of England and France is based on centuries of a free national spirit. This English national spirit is the development of a long historic past of great efforts, tremendous sacrifices, and a splendid devotion. Hence there is a spiritual or metaphysical sense in which we may speak of the "English people," if we are careful to guard against the error of meaning unmixed purity of descent. In this sense the English people, with diverse origins, is the historical result of the growth through centuries of a nation with a common will, common interests. This community of welfare has spread to her most distant colonies and dependencies in a way that now astonishes the world. We have an inheritance of glory and, what is more important, the memory of "suffering in common, a greater bond of union than joy." For, as we see to-day, suffering is ever the signal for common effort and the greatest incitement to the realisation of duty. In the face of such duty, racial differences and antagonisms are forgotten, and it is the whole people which struggles for the continuity of the nation. In the modern world this soul-spirit triumphs over all details of discord, all differences of race, of language, and of religion, and is the secret of our great determination to preserve for posterity our splendid inheritance.

P. A. M. S.

The last weeks of "King Henry IV" are announced at His Majesty's Theatre, as Sir Herbert Tree has decided to produce "David Copperfield" on Christmas Eve, December 24. Mr. Louis N. Parker has prepared the stage version. The cast will be almost the same as previously announced, with few exceptions. Mr. Arthur Whitby, for instance, is going on active service. Sir Herbert Tree will, as before, impersonate Micawber and Dan'l Peggotty.

## REVIEWS

### Colonel Roosevelt's Great Adventure

*Through the Brazilian Wilderness.* By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Illustrated. (Murray. 18s. net.)

COLONEL ROOSEVELT is one of those happy people who always succeed in being interesting even when we are inclined to disagree with him most strongly or to make him the butt of satire. The explanation probably is that he believes so thoroughly in himself as to induce others to wonder what his next achievement will be, or what claim the ego in him may advance. Some of his work is as irritating as it is interesting, and at least it may be said that he does nothing which does not compel attention. His visit to South America was the subject, some months ago, of a heated controversy. He found his way up a river which hitherto had not been explored by any white man, and promptly there was cheap sarcasm, if not positive denial, from those who regarded the announcement of the discovery as little better than sheer fabrication. Mr. Savage Landor and he called each other ungentlemanly names, and the Duvida, the River of Doubt, became famous.

From this book we learn all about the trip, and realise that it was no mere holiday outing. Colonel Roosevelt was peculiarly fortunate in having for his fellow-travellers officials of the Brazilian Government who had already done excellent work in exploring other parts of the interior. The result is a valuable record, instructive and entertaining on almost every page. The sportsman, the natural historian, the economist, and the general reader may all turn to Colonel Roosevelt in the assurance that they will not go empty away. He has gathered within the covers of this substantial volume the very life of the wilderness, from the ant, the snake, and the marsh deer to the jaguar, the tapir, and the natives who are innocent of all clothing; he is impressed with the tropical scenery and the possibilities which the country affords for settlement by the teeming millions of other lands; and he finds much to discuss; for instance, colourisation as an explanation of the survival of species, his views on which the man of science, may be, will combat pretty vigorously.

The accounts of the Nhambiquaras and of the unexplored country contiguous to the Duvida are, of course, the novelty of the book. What is this new land which, so far, even Brazil has left practically untouched? From Colonel Roosevelt's description we cannot doubt that here we have territory which some day will carry a big population—that day when the Nhambiquaras, with their many primitive customs, will have disappeared like many another race. Africa and Asia have been pretty thoroughly "done" by the modern globe-trotter, yet they never fail to yield the keen observer something which has been missed. Here in the heart of Brazil we have a people and a country absolutely fresh.

Some of the things Colonel Roosevelt found pleasant may not always appeal or bring the same joy to others. In the great silent forest, we confess pleasure, as he describes it, seems to have been somewhat qualified. "Here and there grew immense trees, and on some of them mighty buttresses sprang from the base. The lianas and vines were of every size and shape. Some were twisted and some were not. . . . In the shadow there was little noise. The wind rarely moved the hot, humid air. There were few flowers or birds. Insects were altogether too abundant, and, even when travelling slowly, it was impossible to avoid them—not to speak of our constant companions the bees, mosquitoes, and especially the boroshudas or blood-sucking flies. Now, while bursting through a tangle, I disturbed a nest of wasps whose resentment was active; now I heedlessly stepped among the outliers of a small party of the carnivorous foraging ants; now, grasping a branch as I stumbled, I shook down a shower of fire ants; and among all these my attention was particularly arrested by the bite of one of the giant ants, which stung like a hornet, so that I felt it for three hours. . . . All of us suffered more or less, our faces and hands swelling slightly from the boroshuda bites; and in spite of our clothes we were bitten all over our bodies, chiefly by ants and the small forest ticks. Because of the rain and the heat, our clothes were usually wet when we took them off at night, and just as wet when we put them on again in the morning." Altogether a very pleasant time!

Colonel Roosevelt's pages will, no doubt, send the venturesome, eager to get away from the beaten track, to see for themselves, more particularly if they lay to heart some of the things he says about the real "wilder-ness wanderer." He cannot forget that in making this trip up the Paraguay, through half a dozen degrees of latitude, to the Amazon, he was doing something never done before, and that he assisted to put on the map a big river, the very existence of which "no geographer in any map published in Europe or the United States or in Brazil" had regarded as even a possibility. For days and weeks the travellers' speculations as to where the Duvida would take them were the absorbing topic. "The river might bend sharply to the west and enter the Gy-Paraná high up or low down, or go north to the Madeira, or bend eastward and enter the Tapajos, or fall into the Canumá, and finally through one of its mouths enter the Amazon direct. . . . We did not know whether we had one hundred or eight hundred leagues to go, whether the stream would be fairly smooth, or whether we would encounter waterfalls, or rapids, or even some big marsh or lake. We could not tell whether or not we should meet hostile Indians. . . . We had no idea how much time the trip would take. We had entered a land of unknown possibili-ties." Not the least remarkable of the features of this unknown land were some strange carvings on a bare mass of rock, which, so far as could be judged, were not the work of any Indians thereabouts. "It may be that in a very remote past some Indian tribes of comparatively advanced culture had penetrated to

this lovely river as we had now come to it." Who can say what may be discovered to left and right of the Duvida by those who may elect to follow the course taken by Colonel Roosevelt's party? Where he found so much in his great adventure, others, whose objective is not quite the same, will some day surely find more.

## The Danger of Hero-Worship

*Nova Hibernia: Irish Poets and Dramatists of To-day and Yesterday.* By MICHAEL MONAHAN. (Mitchell Kennerley, New York and London. 1.25 dols.)

THE title of this book is somewhat misleading. One might reasonably have expected that a volume purporting to deal with "Irish poets and dramatists of to-day and yesterday" might have had something to say of that revolution in art and culture which has achieved the tremendous miracle of transforming Dublin from a city without a soul into one of the intellectual centres of modern Europe. Dr. Douglas Hyde, "A.E.," Lady Gregory, Susan Mitchell, Padraic Colum, Seumas O'Sullivan, Edward Martyn—these are a few of the writers who might have come in for some small share of Mr. Monahan's consideration. They are absolutely ignored. There is a short and rather sketchy paper on Yeats and Synge. With that solitary exception, Mr. Monahan's makers of "modern" Ireland are to be found among such names as Thomas Moore, Clarence Mangan, Gerald Griffin, Thomas Davis, a gentleman called Maginn—and Richard Brinsley Sheridan!

Of all these writers, Thomas Moore looms largest in bulk, nearly a hundred pages being devoted to that popular versifier. To large numbers of the present generation, Moore is little more than a name. There may be some reason for this, though the statement that no adequate biography has yet been written of Moore seems a little hard on Mr. Stephen Gwynn. It is, however, one of the most restrained statements upon which Mr. Monahan has ventured. His enthusiasm for the author of the "Irish Melodies" knows no bounds. Moore is "the largest figure in Irish poetical literature . . . a true world-poet." His genius, "the rarest and purest ever given to an Irish Celt, is . . . in its essential quality and message, without a peer in these English centuries." (Which "English centuries," by the way?) "All the wealth of Ireland could not furnish a monument to equal his just poetic fame." That is what Mr. Monahan thinks of Moore.

Rarely, indeed, is Mr. Monahan's appreciation tem-pered by even the faintest suggestion of criticism; but it is only fair to add that he admits that in "In Memoriam" and "the best cantos of 'Childe Harold'" "we shall find the ranking quality denied to 'Lallah Rookh'" —a statement that we would gladly accept if we were so fortunate as to know what a "ranking quality" is.

Mr. Monahan lays great stress on the fact that Moore was highly praised by the poets and critics of

his day. So, we may add, were Bowles, Sir Henry Taylor and Philip James Bailey. Time plays sad havoc with literary reputations. So far as Moore is concerned, posterity has made up its mind, nor is it likely to alter it at this time of day. The man was not a genius, though he had undoubtedly a touch of genius. He was a true poet, but not a great poet. Let us be just to him. Once or twice he nearly succeeded in achieving immortality, notably in that beautiful little lyric beginning "At the mid-hour of night, when the stars are weeping," which rightly claims a place in every representative anthology. For the most part, however, he never succeeded in rising above the commonplace either in thought or expression. He pleased the generation to which he sang—and that is something—but he communicated no new impulse to it. When the New Ireland comes into being, assuredly it is not Moore who will be acclaimed as its prophet.

His songs are still sung. They have a certain haunting quality which is not wholly dependent upon the music to which they were set. That he was a lyrst of no mean order we are not concerned to deny. But he was a contemporary of Wordsworth, who wrote "A slumber did my spirit seal," and of Shelley, who wrote, "I arise from dreams of thee." And in comparison with these immortal achievements of the human spirit, how devoid of inspiration does even the finest work of Moore appear!

## A Sidelight on the House of Hapsburg

*The Secret of an Empress.* By COUNTESS ZANARDI LANDI. With fourteen photogravure illustrations. (Cassell, Ltd. 10s. 6d.)

THE claim of the Countess Zanardi Landi to be the youngest child of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and the Emperor Francis-Joseph, as set forth by herself, makes a remarkable and engrossing, if not a very convincing, volume. The lively and sometimes morbid eccentricities of the famous Houses of Hapsburg and Wittelsbach might well have produced the peculiar situation here presented with a wealth of detail and a personal touch which humanises many unimportant events. The character of the late Empress is so well known that it may be taken for granted she would prefer to bring up a daughter of hers far from Court influences and on lines which, if conventional, were still totally unlike the ordinary ways of the archduchesses. Thus the Countess, who is supposed to have been born late in life to the Emperor and Empress, is hidden from society, visited with extraordinary stealth by the Empress—who sometimes appears to love her devotedly—and surrounded by that great lady with a thousand luxuries and advantages. But the Emperor must never meet her, and the world must never know that this daughter of the Hapsburgs is not a simple child of a Vienna family. Truly, according to this often lucid yet occasionally amor-

phous account, everything was to have been cleared up just at the time when the Empress met with her sad death. It is almost hinted that this crime, and the death of Frau von Friese, who acted as the author's guardian, both came about because the lady now known as the Countess Zanardi Landi was not to be recognised as the daughter of the Austrian reigning House.

The whole affair appears a little far-fetched, the entire history a trifle unnecessary, when we recall the many misfortunes and tragedies which have crowded upon this family, culminating in the awful murder which has formed the excuse for the present conflict. The Countess states her sorrows and trials and those of the Empress with passionate earnestness; but what are they in the sight of the world compared with the stupendous horrors of the war? Yet at least we should give the author credit for writing with skill and good taste on a subject which casts a searchlight into the dark corners of the Hapsburgs' Court.

## The Novelist-Philosopher

*The New Optimism.* By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

"PHILOSOPHERS make me giddy," writes Mr. Stacpoole, and by natural sequence he is sick of transcendentalism and all old-world religions. At the same time he accepts monism, with the reservation that he is revolted by materialism that denies a god. It is difficult to follow his idea of a god. Perhaps it is "the spirit of matter," which apparently existed "long, long before the first germ of life began to form," for in that chaotic period "matter in its own mind worked out the problem of the mountains and the seas." Perhaps it is the "sun of Amelioration, Benignity, Good, and Gentleness." But, leaving the author to his juggling with words, let us come to his new religion, which is simply a pragmatical optimism, worked out by his "Three Apostles, the Press, the Telegraph, and the Steam-engine, which have produced better ethical results than all the teaching of the (Christian) Apostles."

Mr. Stacpoole's own crude materialism takes refuge in a sophisticated "spirit of the world whose great hands laboured to make the hills and seas and flung the moon to the skies for a lamp and a tide maker, who moulded the chimpanzees into men, and men into civilised men." Such superficial writing is scarcely an original contribution to thought, and it is well to observe that the writer forgets that these amazing results were accomplished before the advent of his "Three Apostles" of the "greatest" human advance.

It is fair to say that the author recognises the power of faith, while unable to see how valueless is belief in an impersonal materialistic force as a factor in his so-called new optimism, which is simply the old-world straining after higher progress and development of good.

## Shorter Notices

### King Albert's Book

We hope it will not appear ungracious if we say that "King Albert's Book" (published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton and various newspapers at 3s. net) sharply taxes our desire at this moment to do all we can to assist the Belgians. This tribute to the splendid King and devoted people of Belgium would have received the very warmest welcome from us at any other season. But we agree with our correspondent of three weeks ago that a grave hardship is inflicted on the literary and art workers who look to Christmas to provide them with their harvest. The prospects in any case were gloomy enough, but with a book which normally would be sold for half a guinea being put on the market at 3s. in hundreds of thousands of copies, it is quite certain that tens of thousands of ordinary gift books will be ignored. Eminent men and women in all walks of life have contributed to "King Albert's Book." There are some gems in it—for instance, Mr. Balfour's brief note and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem—but there is a terrible sameness about many of the tributes, and certain distinguished people send a few words of approval pretty much as though they were giving somebody's soap a testimonial. Mr. Hall Caine writes a flamboyant introduction, and Miss Marie Corelli contributes some lines which her admirers will doubtless regard as poetry. The book at least contains a unique collection of autographs.

### The Story of Malines

A simple and unpretentious first-hand account of things that happened in Brussels, Malines, and elsewhere on the morrow of Germany's invasion of Belgium is "A Plain Tale from Malines," by Fl. Cleirens (Oxford: Blackwell, 1s. net). Mr. Cleirens' home and business were in Malines; that he is a man of courage is amply proved by his narrative; all the more impressive, therefore, is his description of the terrors which seized him with the rest of the population when the enemy began to bombard their defenceless city. Full of pathos, tragedy and vivid touches is this plain tale. The cry for vengeance on the spoilers and wreckers goes up from Malines, Alost, Tourraine, Termonde and the rest. "If ever we return to our outraged country and make it one day the semblance of that fair land we all knew and loved till August last, we may build houses and streets as good and beautiful as those which the savages trampled under foot, . . . but never can we hope to cleanse the land of the marks of the curse which an arrogant and insane Emperor took upon himself, in concert with his still more iniquitous son, to fling upon our small and entirely innocent country." The brochure has been translated by Mr. R. W. B. Pugh, and the Mayor of Oxford writes an introduction pointing out that only our Navy has saved us from experiences such as have befallen Belgium.

### Colour

The idea that colour printing in England cannot compete with that of America has surely been dissipated by the fine work done by *Colour* during the past four months. The success which has attended this wholly admirable monthly is gratifying on every ground, and proves that the British public is quick to appreciate quality. The December number is an improvement even on its predecessors, and may be taken as an earnest of the still better things to come. A note appended by the editor, explaining why the num-

ber is a few days late, affords a clue to the difficulties of mechanical colour reproduction in winter conditions. Among the pictures this month is "A Spanish Boy," by Mr. Glyn Philpot. "Mr. Philpot," says T. M. W., "is now in the ranks of the New Army. Genius always benefits by contact with life. It has not been to the advantage of modern art that the artists have lost touch with life, while they have revolved in a circle called 'the Art World.'" The remarkable picture which we are enabled to reproduce this week as a supplement we think brings Art very near to Actuality. "Beat!" is a most suggestive study of a German soldier who is "done." We hope it may be taken as a symbol, and Mr. Stewart be regarded as a prophet from the particular to the general at an early date.

### Verse from Across the Seas

Our poets are by no means silent in these troubled days, though the papers cannot devote much space to their melodies. Two volumes by singers of distant lands have reached us: "Bush Songs and Oversea Voices," by A. Safroni-Middleton (John Long, 5s.), and "From the Outposts," by Cullen Gouldsbury (Unwin, 3s. 6d.). Without indulging in the "purple patches" to which his themes must often have tempted him, the author of "Bush Songs" has many vivid stanzas, and his poems of Samoa, of the homeward-bound ship, of the Pacific Islands, of cabin-boys and captains, and here and there a musical lyric, rank on a high level of achievement. Of Mr. Gouldsbury we must say that it is unkind to label him "The African Kipling"—it provokes unnecessary comparisons, and he is quite able to stand alone. His verses are strong, occasionally deliberately rough, but always full of ideas and worthy of a second reading. The best thing in the book comes first—"To England, from the Outposts":

We have borne the heat and the burden  
For many a weary year,  
Asking nor wreath nor guerdon,  
Nor even words of cheer;  
Knowing our work lies here  
We have toiled without regret—  
Have you forgotten us, Mother? or are we your  
children yet?

So runs the first stanza—and the question is now splendidly answered; neither England nor her colonies have "forgotten."

### Letters from the Sunny South

Books written in the form of letters are rather risky experiments in literature; it takes a great deal of art to make them seem natural. "By the Waters of Sicily," which was first published in 1901, and is now issued in a new edition, with excellent illustrations (Stanley Paul, 6s.), is quite a successful essay in this difficult style, the author, Miss Norma Lorimer, succeeding in being chatty without too much triviality, and philosophic on occasion without heaviness. Half a story, half a travel-book, the chapters convey the vividness of the Sicilian scenery, the incidents of the road, and the many interesting encounters with the inhabitants, with much charm and lightness; the theme of a delicate love-tale wanders through it all, and a considerable sprinkling of humour betrays the observant traveller. There are two Sicilies, says the author—the one which is "done" by the tourist with his guide-book, the other "the Sicily Doris and I love and understand best—the Sicily of beauty and tragedy and flowers and sunshine." Of both some account is given, but the flowers and sunshine predominate.

*Supplement to "THE ACADEMY"*

December 19, 1914 :: ::



"BEAT!"

*By W. D. Stewart*

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## Books for Boys

### Over the Earth and Under the Earth

In view of the uncertainty attending many flights, to say nothing of so lamentable an accident as must have befallen the expert aviator, Gustav Hamel, it is assuming rather much to speak of a book on aviation as "The Mastery of the Air" (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.). Apart from the matter of the title, however, Mr. William J. Claxton has written a very interesting and instructive account of balloons, aeroplanes, and airships, including the one from which so much has been expected—the Zeppelin. The chapters on "Accidents and their Cause" should be especially valuable to boys eager to enter the field of aeronautics.

The richness and importance of the mineral substances of the earth are the theme of Mr. Cyril Hall in "Treasures of the Earth" (Blackie and Son, 3s. 6d.). The author starts with a quotation from "Moses and Geology," in which modern science is contrasted with the first chapter of Genesis. The similarity is striking, which goes to prove that true theology and true science, emanating from the same source, must be in accord. Various parts of the world are dealt with; the wonders brought from the depths to the surface, where the skill of man fashions them into useful and ornamental articles, are described in detail.

### The Waterloo Campaign

The tribute of the French sailors this year to Nelson's Column on the anniversary of that Admiral's death proves that they retain no resentment towards us for the part we played as their adversaries a hundred years ago; therefore the publication of books dealing with the Napoleonic struggle are not in any way likely to cause offence to our Allies. "On the Field of Waterloo," by Captain Brereton (Blackie and Son, 6s.); "For England! For France!" by Frederick Harrison (S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d.); and "A Boy of the Old Brigade," by John Greame (S.P.C.K., 2s.), are all exciting stories of midnight raids, the defence of fortresses, and the brave deeds of those who defended their homes and country during the last century.

### The Present Struggle

"The British Army Book," by Paul Danby (Blackie and Son, 3s. 6d.), has been revised by Lieut.-Col. Cyril Field, R.M.L.I., from the "Red Army Book," a standard and popular work on the British Army. Now that all soldiers are arrayed in khaki, it is not so easy for the ordinary civilian to distinguish one regiment from another as it was in the days of uniforms differing from one another by many well-defined variations. In addition to some excellent descriptions of the forces, home and colonial, which go to form the army of the Empire, there are clear illustrations, showing the particular marks by which one regiment can be known from others. Nothing connected with the Army appears to have been omitted; there are chapters on the pets of the soldiers, the horses, prisoners of war, and, in fact, everything that it is necessary to know about the fighting force.

Captain F. S. Brereton has already compiled a history of the present war down to the battle of the Aisne under the title of "With French at the Front" (Blackie and Son, 3s. 6d.). The facts, together with events as far as the battle mentioned, which so many have read over and over again, leading to this terrible war, are here collected and presented in an interesting form for the benefit of the author's young readers.

## Fiction

A LITERARY competition for the winter evenings might very well be provided by Mr. E. Charles Vivian's latest story, "Divided Ways" (Holden and Hardingham, 6s.). The publishers say: "Although not by any means a 'novel with a purpose,' the story conveys its own lesson." On the other hand, the author, in a rather unnecessary foreword, writes of the "moral purpose of the book," and concludes, "If the book gives to one human heart a knowledge of itself, it will have achieved its purpose, and to that end I send it out." Those whose hearts form an unknown quantity in their anatomy have thus an object-lesson generously provided for them by the author; but he will find a larger public among those who appreciate a good story well told, quite apart from problems or purposes. Mr. Vivian should be satisfied with that, and not take himself too seriously as a specialist in psychology; for there is little, if anything, new in his situations.

Alan Hope, at the time in the prime of life, is depicted as a strong, level-headed business man, yet he is sadly lacking in moral fibre, and his loyalty to his young wife becomes no more to him than the famous "scrap of paper" was to the Kaiser; for this the sun of tropical Africa is apparently responsible. The siren, his companion in sin, is presented as an unmarried lady of about thirty, possessing all the virtues. They had a penchant for one another previously, it is true, but the tropical sun-bath had washed it away. Not far, however, for it was only lurking in our temperate zone, first in a café in the Strand, then amid the charms of Hampstead Heath, until finally it blossomed into irresistible temptation at the lady's flat, Ladbroke Grove way. Alas for strong, level-headed man, weaker even than an Abbé Mouret, and for virtuous woman, his "mate" as he comes to term her, but no more than a Thérèse Raquin at heart. Result, a wife who has lost all faith in her husband, a paramour cloyed with forbidden fruit which she sacrifices on a new altar of virtue, and a wealthy African merchant crying in the wilderness for substance and shadow alike. We bid a regretful farewell to Auntie Liss, a delightful widow whose acquaintance it has been a real pleasure to make.

Now that German diplomatic culture is seeking to stir up trouble among the Intellectuals of the Mussulman world in Europe by means of the Young Egypt scholars and politicians, Mr. Percy White's "Cairo" (Constable and Co., 6s.) will afford interesting reading. It shows us Egyptian society before the wily Turk had thrown in his lot with the Vandal, and raised a commotion throughout Islam. Western ideas have not yet been assimilated by the land of the Pharaohs; Young Egypt still finds it difficult to grasp them, in spite of a Western education, and Western woman remains to the native as great an enigma as his own Sphinx. Mr. White's story is lightly written, and provides an excellent sidelight on the gradual regeneration of a much ill-used country.

## On Symbols

AGEANTRY has always played an enormously important part in the scheme of things. We applaud pure reason, and uphold the pursuit of knowledge *per se* to our children, but at the same time we know that the one thing which holds the average mind in thrall is that which appeals to the imagination, which rouses the subtle inherited tendencies and fibres in our being, striking chords that sound far away into dim-lit corners, and arousing echoes from places we know not where, and feelings implanted in us we know not when. It is just that unexplainable quality which man recognises in himself that differentiates him from all other sentient things—that knowledge that he is the heir of the ages, an inseparable part of the universe, that in him all the corners of the earth meet, and all the treasures of all intellects converge; that he is, at that moment when the divine spark of imagination is lighted in him, one of the immortals. And that is why at the beginning of the ages, when all man's store of learning lay not in books, but in converse direct with nature, and before science befogged the clear conception of his intercourse with the great world forces, he instituted the use of symbol; it was to meet the need for transmuting his tremendous conceptions of the supernatural into everyday terms. Or earlier than that, what was the discovery of words, of a method of communication between mind and mind, but the first use of symbol? It is true that few can translate a great thought into adequate language, but words are the most convenient medium we possess to hold up the mirror to our inspirations. Every important word is the picture of some fact or thought, in its origin embedded in it. It is our individual limitation which makes them so prosaic in actual use.

But for special occasions, for the expression of great beliefs, of inexpressible beauties, or of emotions belonging to the supernatural regions to which man has occasional access, it was felt necessary to find a special language. This was done by the invention of symbol. All the religions of the world have been full of it. Art and music themselves are symbols of the great spaces, illimitable tracts of beauty that would otherwise be unexpressed; according to the mystic, Nature itself is only the symbol of something dimly discernible through it in enchanted moments.

To the religious man the symbol of the Cross or the Crescent unfolds the full meaning of his religion, its promises, its sacrifices; it is the connecting link between him and that infinite beyond in which he believes; to the soldier in the trenches the flag is the symbol of all he is prepared to give his life for: it opens out to him a vista of the majesty of empire, of noble deeds, of patriotism, of country and home and honour itself.

History is full of the use of pageantry. Cold reason never spurred men to acts of gallantry, to idealism, to impracticable deeds of faith and heroism. Always symbolism was the key which touched the hidden spring of imagination.

It was not the ascetic side of Christianity that roused men to the ecstasy of the Crusades; it was the panoply of knighthood and what it represented; above all it was the Cross as symbol of the faith of the world which drove men and women, aye, and little children, in their thousands to seek for the deliverance of its birthplace from the hand of the oppressor who had no sense of its significance. It was not the philosophy of Greece—great as that was—which created those temples that are the wonder and despair of men to-day: it was the idea they symbolised, that Spirit who dwelt in their innermost shrines, and whose worship filled the vast outer courts and spaces. It was the secret of the tremendous hold of the Church of the Middle Ages over the masses of the people. Too little educated to grasp great truths or complicated dogmas, they had sufficient imagination to realise how immense were the potentialities, both spiritual and civil, which lay behind the ritual of the Roman Faith. Their very vagueness of comprehension intensified its grandeur in their sight. It is the key to sovereignty, that last tower which stands erect amid the wrecks with which the shores of time are strewn, to symbolise majesty and power. Faith in the supernatural, in any authority exceeding that of individual reason, belief in ideal goodness or beauty are fast crumbling into ruin almost unnoticed. Kingship remains, with all it stands for, and how much that is has been set forth in the tale of men's lives and women's tears during recent months.

Of late years it has been the fashion to decry symbolism. The puritan outbreak in England destroyed it, and the vestiges of that spirit which remained have from time to time made fresh onslaughts upon it. It is the old mistake which includes all visible signs of our love of the beautiful in the category of graven images, to be execrated.

In art, in music, in social questions, in philosophy, until the last decade or so, there has been that attitude—with, of course, brilliant exceptions, but they have influenced the thought of the common people very little. We have exchanged the mystery, the allurement, the education and colour of symbolism for the pursuit of the obvious and the praise of the rational. Our attitude towards life has been that of the practical, money-making, reasonable order. And how far in adopting that outlook we have lost the true perspective which alone makes life a thing of account it is difficult to say. If limited to the day and the circumstances in which it is lived the life of most men is a very pigmy affair; it is when linked to the riches of the past and the future and to the great invisible world of thought by which we are surrounded that it becomes in verity the wonder that it is. And that is the use of symbol. Books are only black characters on an empty background, but they put us in touch with the master minds of the world. There are many books to be read besides those printed on paper. Let us not neglect any which can make life richer. Christmas is a symbol which stands for an infinite charity, sometimes lost sight of in the rites of feasting, but this year especially present to

men's minds. Of the season we have lost many symbolic features: the wassail bowl of friendship, the Baby in the Manger visited by all at Christmas midnight, the significance of holly and mistletoe, and the many tokens with which it is associated. Perhaps in the better days that are coming the emotional side of life will regain its value: suffering and loss are stern teachers as to the vanity of money or of cold reason. And then symbol, pageantry, imagination will come into its own again.

## Tipperaryism At Home

BY ALFRED BERLYN

THE German professors who have been engaged in killing John Bull with their pens have unconsciously succeeded in paying him a handsome compliment. They have proclaimed, with a great show of virtuous reprobation, the shocking discovery that he is taking his share of the war "frivolously." Whether this implies a despairing recognition of his refusal to be terrorised by German "frightfulness," as lately exemplified in Belgium and elsewhere, or merely a contempt for his inability to emulate the seriousness which converts the fighting Teuton into a savage, it is a tribute which its recipient may be well content to accept with complacency.

In this failure of Teutonic *kultur* to understand the English character and temperament there is, of course, nothing surprising. But it is a little curious to find some among our own people echoing this charge of "frivolity," and rebuking their compatriots for their refusal to sink to the depths of depression assumed to be appropriate to the situation. Only the other day, an able and usually sprightly English journalist who lives chiefly in Paris protested in print that, during a recent visit to London, he observed with a rather scandalised wonder the lack of outward evidence that people on this side of the Channel were realising the unprecedented nature and magnitude of this war, the horrors which it involves, and the fact that the very life of the British Empire hangs upon its issue. He found, as he said, our theatres open, our streets full of tranquil citizens, our business and social life pursuing its normal course; and he began to wonder whether we realised what, in the expressive American phrase, we were "up against," and whether we really cared. All of which simply went to show that this particular critic had lived long enough away from England to get out of touch with the temperament of his countrymen. As a matter of fact, there is no class or section of the English people, whether in town or country, to whom this war, with its incalculable issues, has not become a positive obsession. To many it has already brought poignant personal grief; for multitudes it means acute private as well as public anxiety; over all it hangs continually as a shadow—impossible to escape from, impossible even for a moment to forget. And it is just for these very reasons that the invincible British

spirit refuses to be "o'ercrowed" by its oppressive domination, and that the ordinary course of our affairs, and even the lighter side of our life, remains to outward appearance so little affected.

For this unblenching spirit of the English people at home an explanation has been rather unworthily sought in the fact that they have thus far seen and felt nothing of the actual horrors of war. It is a sufficient answer to point to the invincibly gay bearing and spirit of the Britons under arms who—most of them with no previous experience of service in the field—are now facing death daily and almost hourly. With shells bursting and bullets whistling around them, with comrades falling maimed and shattered at their side, the men who are fighting for England have proved themselves capable of digging the King of Terrors playfully in the ribs, and of snatching laughter out of the very mouth of hell. And it is just because they are able to rise to this heroic "frivolity" that our light-hearted "Tommies," with their irrepressible chaff of the enemy's engines of death and their lilt of "Tipperary," are so splendidly upholding the glorious military traditions of their country and their race. As for those at home who expect their neighbours, with such an example before them, to adopt an attitude of gloom and go about with long faces and quaking hearts, they are simply inviting others to be as disloyal as they are themselves to the spirit which has made and is going to keep Britain unconquerably great.

We have probably to thank the surviving influence of Puritanism of the baser sort for the notion which still prevails here and there in this country that there is some mysterious kind of virtue in dismalness. Such a mental posture is indicative, in times like these, of a particularly ugly vice—the vice of moral cowardice. In the earliest days of the war we had a glimpse, an instructive one, of the abyss of disaster into which the whole life of the country would have been dragged if the pessimists and the croakers had been allowed to set the pace and the tone. The selfish persons who rushed to store their houses with provisions, the faint-hearts who made haste to paralyse their own businesses and dismiss their employees, those who clamoured for the closing of all places of entertainment, and the consequent starvation of thousands—these were the kind of people who, in those early days of suppressed panic, threatened for awhile to impose their craven ethics upon the public. Happily, the true British spirit was not long in asserting itself, and those who had sought to belie and betray it found themselves regarded with contempt. Whatever vicissitudes the immediate future may have in store, there is now good ground for confidence that our people at home will meet them with a courage answering worthily to that which animates the men who with such ever-smiling heroism are fighting their battles in the field.

Meanwhile the grim-visaged folk who are inclined to be shocked by what they regard as national flippancy in a time of crisis may set their minds at rest. There is not the least fear that the home-staying public, com-

paratively few of whom are without relatives or friends at or destined for the front, are likely to underrate either the trials and terrors of this war of wars, or the sacrifices that are needed to bring it to the only possible conclusion. At any time now, indeed, its physical horrors may be more or less impressively exemplified in our midst. But if the Zeppelins succeed in arriving and in doing any measure of execution before they meet their fate, it will be the part of our undismayed people to receive them in the same spirit which prompts our "Tommies" to mock gaily at the "Black Marias." For the genius of our nation, no less than the knowledge that our cause is just and that we are fighting to win, bids us, in the dark as well as in the bright days of the conflict, to "be of good cheer."

## In the Temple of Mammon

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

HERE is a fair amount of business in certain securities, and a general hardening of prices. I think that this is mainly due to the determination of many large brokers to force their clients to pay for and take up the securities they now have open. Naturally, such a policy compels the "bear" to buy his stock and deliver it, consequently we get a fictitious hardening up of all quotations, for the ordinary man in the street is not inclined to sacrifice his stocks at the present low level.

There are some optimistic people who declare that we shall see a great rise in all speculative securities. They say that if the war lasts a long time people are bound to gamble in something, and that the inevitable slump that must come when the war ends will be postponed so long that there will be time enough to manipulate a big boom. This is a curious argument, but it is used by some very clever people, who are rich enough to back their opinion. I do not at all agree with them, although I must admit that the savings of the British Empire will have to be put into something. These savings are a very large amount, and they include the huge sums annually paid to Great Britain of interest on money lent abroad. Some years ago foolish people girded at Great Britain because she was so ready to send her money out of the country; they pointed to Germany, where the policy of the Government was to keep German money in Germany. To-day we see how wise we were. We can live upon our interest alone. The whole of the world owes us money. If we had not lent Japan the money with which to fight Russia she would never have helped to convoy our troops, and she would never have taken the German possessions in China. In the same way France, by lending money to Russia, not only got a fine investment, but also a powerful ally.

We may expect Hungary to declare herself an independent nation at any moment. It is well known that Tisza egged on Austria against Servia because he believed

that it would produce a European war, and that this would give Hungary her independence. The Hungarian hates the German and despises the Austrian. If Hungary becomes independent then the break-up of the Austrian Empire has arrived. I hear that we shall have trouble in Switzerland; one half of the country is strongly in favour of France, the other half speaks German and is Teutonic. Oil and vinegar do not mix. A shrewd Swiss statesman suggested that the only way out of the difficulty would be for Great Britain to cut off all food supplies. Then the Swiss, in order to save themselves from starvation, would place their magnificent army at the disposal of the Allies. There is something in this, and I recommend our Government to think it over.

The Metropolitan Railway has offered £500,000 5 per cent. Preference stock at 99. The dividend is not cumulative, and the new stock ranks after the existing Preference stock, of which six millions have been issued. After paying debenture and preference dividends the profits for 1913 are £113,292. There is no doubt that as this is more than the amount required to meet the interest on the issue, the security is a good one, and it will be rather interesting to see whether the public will take a railway preference stock which yields £5.1 per cent.

The Yankee market has now opened, and we are promised a small boom in American rubbish shares. The German rate of exchange is so unfavourable to Germany that the Americans believe it will effectually prevent Germans from gambling in New York. The Union Pacific report is not bad; the figures are quite as good as anyone expected. Unions are promised a good rise.

The Pahang Consolidated directors have taken a cautious line. They place £20,000 to reserve, write off a reasonable sum for depreciation, and pass the dividend on the ordinary altogether. The Champion Reef report shows up excellently. The dividend is increased to 1s. 4d., ore reserves have risen, and the developments at the bottom of the mine are excellent.

Argentine Navigation has had to contend against a terrible slump and the accounts show a loss for the year. The business is over-capitalised, but well managed; I do not advise my readers to get rid of their Ordinary shares.

National Explosives has had another good year, and the works are now employed day and night on Government contracts; therefore the shares look extremely cheap at 16s. 3d. cumulative dividend at 5 per cent., and I advise my readers to pick up a few.

United Serdang have almost equalled last year's profits, but the board is conservative and reduces the dividend by five per cent. to 30 per cent. The estimate for the current year should enable them to maintain this dividend in 1915.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

### ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS CORPORATION.

#### INCREASED ORE RESERVES

Presiding at the meeting of this Company, held on December 10, the Earl of Bessborough, C.B. (Chairman), in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts stated that both the Share Capital and Reserve Accounts had been increased owing to the absorption during the year of the Territories Company, whilst on the other side of the Balance Sheet the Property Account had been increased by the value of the rights thus re-acquired. Additional plant had been purchased to the extent of £28,911, the principal outlay being incurred in the completion of the Producer Gas Engine Plant. The expenditure on Plant and Machinery was now reduced to a minimum. £6,769 had been expended in the sinking of Main Shafts, and £9,934 on prospecting work, principally in the belt of

country between Obuasi and Ayeim. The cash in hand together with the value of June bullion amounted to £117,670, whilst the Stores at the Mines were valued at £45,053. The divisible profit of the year worked out at £145,731, and was arrived at after ample provision had been made for depreciation, and after the whole of the expenditure on development had been charged against the year's revenue. Although the ore reserves had shown an improvement in respect not only of tonnage, but of actual gross value and profit in sight, the Consulting Engineer felt compelled to recommend for the current year a monthly output which would yield a profit equal to the minimum forecast for the twelve months just completed. This was mainly due to the fact that the Ashanti Mine reserves showed a reduction in grade of about 2 dwts., owing to the large additions to the tonnage being of a somewhat lower grade. This, however, he hoped might be compensated for in some measure by the larger tonnage treated. The working costs for the year showed a gross increase of about 8s. 10d. per ton, bringing them up to 48s. 4½d. per ton. These costs, which were calculated on a much smaller tonnage, included the whole of the year's expenditure on mine development. Under the programme recommended for the next twelve months it was expected there would be a slight reduction in cost per ton. The metallurgical treatment of the ore was giving highly satisfactory results. Ore of the gross value of £770,000 had been opened up, which served not only to replace the amount extracted and crushed during the past year, but added nearly £300,000 to the gross value of the ore reserves, which at present stood at £1,800,000. The military steps taken on the outbreak of the War had caused a great deal of excitement and some uneasiness amongst the natives. That, however, had entirely disappeared immediately the military operations against Togoland had been successful. The natives had now settled down. For a time their bullion could not be shipped, and financial arrangements had to be made pending its arrival, but now, owing to the watchfulness of the Fleet, he was pleased to say their gold was arriving fairly regularly. The Stores, too, presented some difficulties, as some of the chief mine supplies were classified by the Customs as "warlike" stores, and shipment was consequently stopped. They were, however, able to secure some stores from the United States, including a parcel of zinc for gold precipitation, which would ensure a sufficient supply for twelve months. They were in a position to secure in England spare parts for their German-made machinery on favourable terms. He thought the Shareholders might well congratulate Mr. Feldtmann and the staffs both at home and abroad on the very satisfactory results achieved.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### WAR BOOKS.

- The Life of Sir John Jellicoe.* By Harold Wheeler. (Aldine Publishing Co. 2d.)
- The War and the Neutral Powers.* Reprinted from THE ACADEMY of September 12, 1914. By Mark H. Judge.
- Neutral Nations and the War.* By James Bryce. (Melrose. 6d.)
- The Real Kaiser.* Anonymous. (Melrose. 1s.)
- Cromwell's Soldier's Bible.* With a Preface by Viscount Wolseley, G.C.B. (Elliot Stock. 1s.)
- Tennyson's Patriotic Poems.* (Macmillan and Co. 1d.)
- War Studies.* By John Kirkpatrick, M.A. (A. and C. Black. 3d.)

- The Under-war.* By Adam Gowans Whyte and T. C. Elder. (Electrical Press. 1s. net.)
- The Last of the Huns.* By George Saunders, B.A. (Routledge and Sons. 1s. net.)
- The Nation in Arms.* By F.-M. Baron von der Goltz. (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. net.)
- The Unspeakable Prussian.* By C. Sheridan Jones. (Cassell and Co. 2s. net.)
- Back from the Front.* By Thomas A. Baggs, M.A. (Frank and Cecil Palmer. 1s. net.)
- Echoes from the Fleet.* By L. Cope Cornford; with a Preface by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford. (Williams and Norgate. 2s. net.)
- Your Navy as a Fighting Machine.* By Fred T. Jane. (Frank and Cecil Palmer. 1s. net.)
- Behind the Scenes at the Court of Vienna.* By Henri de Weindel; English Version by Philip W. Sargeant. With Portrait. (John Long. 2s. net.)
- Martial Law within the Realm of England.* By James M. Lowry. (John Long. 1s. net.)
- From the Trenches: Louvain to the Aisne.* By Geoffrey Young. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. net.)
- The Organization of the Army.* Translated from Treitschke by A. L. Gowans. (Gowans and Gray. 6d.)
- Why India is Heart and Soul with Great Britain.* By Bhupendranath Basu. (Macmillan. 1d.)

### PERIODICALS.

- Ulula; Cambridge University Reporter; New York Times Book Review; Land and Water; The Sphere; Roman Documents and Decrees; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; The Athenaeum; Windsor Magazine; Fortnightly Review; The Cornhill; Nineteenth Century; The Trend, New York; The Antiquary; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; Educational Times; Literary Digest; English Review; Review of Reviews (Melbourne); University Correspondent; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; History of British Mammals, Part XVI; The Librarian; British Review; The Phoenix; Journal of the Imperial Arts League; United Empire; System; Irish Review; Wild Life; The Triad, N.Z.; La Revue; Revue Bleue; T.P.'s Journal; Indian Review; School World.*

## The Red Cross Motor Ambulance

Subscriptions to this fund for presenting a Napier Motor Ambulance Car valued at £625 to the Red Cross Society are coming in very slowly. We ask our readers to let us have a note of sums collected. The £100 guaranteed provisionally depends on our receiving the balance of £525. So far the amounts received are:—

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